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The Week

AS Mr. Herbert Adams Gibbons has recently pointed out, the Near Eastern crisis and the scrapping of the Treaty of Sèvres are probably a prophetic indication of the fate which in the near future will overtake the Treaties of Saint Germain and Versailles. They are in an important sense all parts of one settlement, which, although it contained many accidental and unnecessary ingredients, could not be overthrown in any of its essential parts without imperilling the whole structure. The Treaty of Sèvres formed a major part of the general bargain; and its supersession to the great disadvantage of Great Britain is bound to have grave, permanent and troublesome consequences on the Rhine and the Danube. It has probably done more to convince Englishmen of the necessity of breaking or radically modifying their partnership with France than any single event which has happened since the Armistice. The two most powerful European victors in the war have carried their disagreement so far that it must soon result either in a frank misunderstanding or else a new and different understanding. No matter which they prefer, the new relationship will alter the faces both of international politics in Europe and of domestic politics in France and Great Britain.

THE impending readjustment is foreshadowed by two recent occurrences which although apparently of minor importance are of great intrinsic significance. For some years the strongest supporters in Great Britain of continued cooperation between the British and French governments have been the Unionists, but as a consequence of the diplomatic humiliation which France has just inflicted on Great Britain the Unionists are apparently joining with the Liberals in a willingness to break with France. Mr. Bonar Law, the leader of the Unionist party in the House of Commons, has threatened the French government with a resumption by Great Britain of complete freedom of action, and he would not have uttered such a threat without consulting the other leaders of his party and obtaining their consent. The threat may be only a warning but it has plainly scared some influential people in Paris. Strong French Nationalists, like Pertinax, are criticizing Poincaré for risking essential French interests on the Rhine and the Danube and getting little in return but the gratification of inflicting defeat on an ally in the Near East. French foreign policy which is chiefly dictated by considerations of prestige is peculiarly liable to a mistake of this kind which is likely to bring with it consequences wholly incommensurate with its apparent importance.

ONE curious result of this equivocal triumph of French diplomacy is apparently the weakening rather than the strengthening of the ministry which is responsible for it. M. Poincaré's position which was already shaken by his enforced compromises with respect to reparations in cash from Germany is rendered still more insecure by the feeling, which pervades the newspaper press of Paris, that he has unnecessarily imperilled the entente with Great Britain. His immediate successor, if he is super-

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seded, will not derive his support to an increasing extent from the parties of the Left, for the strength of the Left is negligible in the present Chamber. The new French prime minister will probably come from the Clemenceau-Tardieu group and will represent a new variation of the impossible combined objects of making France the dominant power on the European continent and of keeping Great Britain subservient to that ambition. The British people are gradually screwing up their resolution to quit. They will begin by getting rid of Lloyd George who is chiefly responsible for post-war British policy. What they will do after that is anybody's guess. There will be a general election which will probably result in a House of Commons divided into three parties—Unionist, Liberal and Labor—but no one party will control enough votes to govern alone. British policy will probably continue to drift and little by little a large part of the post-war settlement will fall to pieces. There is a good deal of débris to be cleared away in Europe before genuine reconstruction can begin.

ACCORDING to all accounts the recent meeting in Chicago in favor of the release of the political prisoners which was addressed by Senator Borah was attended by an unusually large and enthusiastic audience which gave an ovation to Miss Jane Addams and in other ways indicated the existence of more confidence and interest in the adoption by this country of a humane and tolerant foreign and domestic policy. Is this fact symptomatic of a revival of liberalism and progressivism in American public opinion? Perhaps. But probably it is rather indicative of a tendency of what liberalism and progressivism there is to rally around Senator Borah. Since the war he has been on the whole quite the most useful man in Congress. He has exhibited extraordinary ability in divining the weakness of the Old Guard in business and politics, and in landing staggering blows on that particular spot. He is coming to look more like a progressive leader every day, but the group which he is leading is, we regret to say, not as yet very numerous, very coherent or very confident.

ON such a subject as the Allied debts the opinion of the bankers might be expected to carry weight with the government and the public. But it does not. If all the bankers in the country were to join in propaganda for the cancellation or the scaling of the debts, the case would be even less hopeful than it is today. The public is suspicious of the bankers' motives. No doubt the suspicion is in large measure unjust, a survival from a more primitive period, when the money lender was a spider and the borrower a guileless fly. But the bankers may well ask themselves whether they are doing everything in their power to remove the suspicion. Are they educating themselves on economic issues, so that they may take an impartial attitude, instead of throwing their weight unreservedly to the side of their biggest customers? The recent bankers' convention produced on the whole a needlessly reactionary impression. Mr. Lamont's plea for a more liberal attitude on the industrial question was a voice in the wilderness. So long as this condition obtains, the only way the bankers can further any political project will be by opposing it.

THE Boston Transcript is publishing on Wednesdays and Fridays a series of articles called The Reds in America. The compilation follows the methods exposed and discredited in the report of the Lusk Committee in New York, the object apparently being to "hang something" on as many men and women of liberal views as possible. The Reverend John Haynes Holmes is accused of preaching free love to Harvard students. Captain Paxton Hibben is accused of turning over funds collected for famine sufferers to the Soviet government. Mr. R. M. Lovett is credited with the authorship of a letter which he did not write. The New Republic is specified as opening its columns freely to Communist propaganda. In the only sense in which this statement is true, it is true also of the New York Times. It is obviously intended to mean that the New Republic is in sympathy with Communist views and proselytes for them which is ridiculously false.

THE writhings and wrigglings of the government in respect to the enforcement of the Volstead Act on vessels of the United States Shipping Board have brought us to the point of forbidding all vessels entering ports of the United States to carry liquor. Undoubtedly the legal department of the government and even the Anti-Saloon League join with the Shipping Board in wishing the issue had never arisen, and that the United States could have gone on being the biggest bootlegger under its own laws without comment. One of the features of the situation is that the travelling public of the United States is shown to be more concerned with its booze than with the patriotic duty of supporting the American flag on the high seas. But that is, again, only one phase of the liquor question which has become under prohibition an obsession on the part of people away from home with the question of a drink in its personal form—when, what, where, how, the last, the next.

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Speeches Which Might Have Been Made

I. At the Bankers' Convention

"FRIENDS and Fellow Bankers: At a moment when the great majority of responsible people all over the world have more reasons for disquietude than for optimism, we American bankers have much to be thankful for. In the case of the other industrialized nations, Great Britain excepted, the destruction of property caused by the war and the subsequent multiplication of debts and inflation of currencies have compromised the structure of credit and property and raised questions about their ability to meet their obligations which ten years ago would have sounded incredible. The structure of public or private credit in the United States, on the other hand, is beyond suspicion. Our banks have passed successfully through a process of stupendous but necessary inflation and of drastic but equally necessary deflation. They were subjected to a terrific strain which they have survived without flinching. The strain is not entirely over, particularly in the farming districts, but we are no longer afraid of it. Its problems, although serious, are manageable. We can fairly claim to have emerged sound in wind and limb from a prolonged, exhausting and dangerous journey. Having pulled through the immediate past, we can look forward with confidence to the immediate future.

"This confidence is justified provided it is not carried too far. You would do well to think of your present good fortune as a comparatively large ledge during a long and arduous climb rather than a broad and safe plateau on top of the high land. The world is out of joint. The worst is still to come. The present generation of bankers both in America or elsewhere cannot expect to get back the pre-war security. I do not mean that the American banks are not in every technical respect above suspicion. But their gilt-edged assets and abundant reserves are not enough. Before the war the European banks were equally well prepared to meet their recognized liabilities. Yet in spite of their technically strong position at that time, the war and its consequences have forced them to become the accomplices to an amount of inflation which amounts to partial repudiation. The trouble was that they did and could not know the volume of liabilities which the government would impose on them or what would happen to attenuate their assets.

"They belonged to a group of nations which were armed to the teeth and which intended at some time to use their armies, but which could not under modern conditions fight a prolonged war without compromising the integrity of public and private credit. The war came, and the resulting destruction of national assets accompanied by the increase of national liabilities has impaired the ability of the European banks to meet their private obligations. It is important for American bankers to recognize that although they escaped the worst economic consequences of this process, they themselves occupy, nevertheless, a situation analogous to that of the European banks in 1914. No matter how sound their own business policy and how impregnable their technical position, they form part of a society whose public policy may directly or indirectly undermine the value of the assets upon which their own prosperity and their power to meet their obligations are based.

"No doubt there is a sense in which the community cannot reasonably ask bankers to recognize and provide against overwhelming contingent liabilities of this kind. We play a limited part in a large performance; and if we live in a society which cannot protect itself against disasters like the war and social disorder, we must take our chance with the rest. This is true, but it is not sufficient. Our position is peculiarly responsible. Take the case of the war. It is plain now, that every European banker should in the interest of the great majority of his customers have used his influence not only against the actual outbreak of war but against the previous competition in armaments. If the banking fraternity had ranged itself on the side of peace, the war would probably never have occurred. But they didn't; and they are to that extent directly responsible for their past and prospective losses. The American banker should not repeat this mistake. We should realize that there are looming on the horizon equally dangerous contingent public liabilities, which, if they ever become actual, will impair the security of the structure of credit and property in this country. It is as much a part of our business to show statesmanship in providing against these liabilities as it is to show sound business judgment in not overextending our loans and credits.

"What these contingent public liabilities are I can only briefly indicate. They arise out of the tension which the economic sabotage of the war imposes upon a group of over-mechanized societies which both internally and externally are united far more closely by joint interests than they are by their institutions, their convictions or their practices. The tension brings with it immediately more calamitous effects in Europe than in the United States. It will result probably in national and private bankruptcies, civil war and social disorder, and for a generation a kind of partnership in

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poverty and distress. We Americans will for the moment fare much better. The American economic system may well be sufficiently elastic, diversified and capacious to adjust itself to the practical collapse of the European demand for American foodstuffs and raw materials. But even if this is true, the moral and social reaction of a European collapse upon this country will be perilous. At best it will be a most difficult job to set up a new balance of classes and a new machinery of production which are adjusted to the loss of the European markets. The dislocation will certainly provoke wide-spread and dangerous agrarian discontent and revive the old American class struggle between town and country. It will certainly intensify the increasingly costly class struggle between the wage-earner and the employer. It will bring about profound but incalculable psychological changes in the attitude of Europe to America and America to Europe, which may result in a cleavage of spirit such as that which has always existed between the East and the West. And the net result will certainly be to increase enormously the friction of the American economic machine, to diminish the productivity of capital and labor, and to render precarious our towering national sky-scraper of property and credit.

"Do not, I pray, cherish the illusion that you can safeguard your assets against contingent and intangible liabilities by cultivating through propaganda popular loyalty to the Constitution, by discouraging radical agitation or by any merely defensive or coercive measures. The structure of property and credit which the industrial nations have built up since 1800 is too capacious and formidable to be shaken by the bombardment of a few merely envious and excluded people. Whenever it becomes insecure, its insecurity is the result of its own internal defects—of its failure to serve the purposes of its denizens as well as it once did. Such has undoubtedly come to be the case in Europe. When the leaders of finance and industry not merely allowed Europe to drift into the recent war, but actually encouraged the bellicose politicians, when they not merely connived at the writing by the victorious governments of the Treaty of Versailles, but encouraged them in their madness, they did a thousand times more harm to the credit and usefulness of capitalism as a system than all the exhortations and all the arguments of the socialists during the past century. And if the fabric of property and credit becomes similarly ragged and unravelled in this country, we American bankers cannot shift the responsibility for the calamity upon radical agitation. The insecurity will demonstrate our own want of knowledge, of social vision, of flexibility and of statesmanship.

"At present we give probably ninety-nine percent of our time to our amusements, our families and our balance sheets. This conscientious and loyal devotion to our private affairs, admirable as it may be in certain respects, tends to make us both undesirable citizens and unsafe bankers. It leaves us restricted in experience, ignorant of the meaning of what is going on in the world and in the minds of other classes and nations, and dull about the way in which these outside realities affect banking. We cannot afford to continue this kind of inexperience, ignorance and dullness. We are the trustees in whose hands the American people have deposited their fund of fluid capital. It is part of our trust to look out not only that this capital works indefatigably but also that the political and social system and the popular goodwill upon which this capital depends for its value continue to supply a safe background for its labor. We shall fail in our trusteeship unless we specially provide for a better understanding between the business of banking and the activities, the interests and the latent ideals of the whole community.

"There is only one way in which we can be sure of emerging from the cave of our own special occupations and interests into the open air of a better articulated relation to American society. We must as a corporate body deliberately educate ourselves for the job of helping to make banking safe for democracy and democracy safe for banking. We are gravely in need of this self-education. Most of us were under- or ill-educated at school and college. Our business careers have trained us in the technology of banking, but they have not, except in unusual cases, repaired the original limitation of our knowledge, our outlook, our sympathies, and our moral and social imagination. We are too old and too busy to go to ordinary schools. We doubtless feel too well satisfied with ourselves to ask professional teachers in to educate us. But surely we are not so old, so busy, so superior or so hypnotized by our own importance that we cannot start cut to learn from one another. Let the American Bankers' Association recognize its corporate responsibility by appointing a committee to consider the best way of improving the education of its own members. In the meantime let the bankers in any neighborhood collect themselves into groups. Let them select their own courses and for the purpose of studying their common problems choose their instructors chiefly from their own members, but let them also occasionally invite technical assistance from experts, clergymen, lawyers, labor unionists, novelists and journalists. We can do this job for ourselves, if only we go about it in the right spirit

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and with fitting methods. We must admit to ourselves that at present we don't know enough, that we are in a bad way because we don't know, that our failure to know is due to the foolish convention of ceasing to seek education when we go into business and that we can still learn to the immense advantage of our business as bankers and of our souls. Then we would not only have a chance of finding out what the truth is and living by it, but we would be offering a most rare and desirable example to the rest of the community. We would begin the intelligent cultivation of our own garden. We would start to set the world right by doing what we could to set ourselves right."

The Enforcement of Prohibition

IN another column we print a number of letters received in reply to the editorial article which appeared in the New Republic of September 13th entitled The Enforcement of Prohibition. Since that date there has been published by Harcourt, Brace and Company a little book by Mr. Fabian Franklin called What Prohibition Has Done to America, price one dollar. Without agreeing fully in Mr. Franklin's argument we commend his book to all who wish a clear, succinct account of the issues underlying the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. One of the misconceptions of the defenders of the Amendment, to which Mr. Franklin calls attention and which is responsible for the irritation of some of our critics, is that opposition to national prohibition is based entirely on affinity with the so-called liquor interests—that the question is, as it was represented during the campaign for the Amendment, one between "those who wished to coin money out of the degradation of their fellow-creatures and those who sought to save mankind from perdition." We repeat what we have said before as to the sympathy of the New Republic with the cause known as the Temperance Movement, and submit that the immediate question is what is possible, even remotely possible, in this direction through prohibition by national law.

Mr. Franklin points out that the Eighteenth Amendment is a radical departure from the spirit and practice of the Constitution as developed in the original articles and the first seventeen amendments. The Constitution as the organic law of the land deals with three matters—"the division of powers as between the Federal and the State governments, the structure of the Federal government itself, and the safeguarding of the fundamental rights of American citizens." The Eighteenth Amendment does none of these things. On the contrary it alters fundamentally the distribution of authority between the national and the state governments, it places a burden upon the structure of the former which threatens its efficient fulfillment of its functions, and it is in the opinion of a very large portion of the citizenship of the United States in flat contradiction of personal rights. Of this departure from precedent the people of the United States are now paying the penalty in a vast and wide increase in law breaking and consequent diminution of respect for law.

The extent to which the Volstead Act is enforced, is and will be for some time a subject of personal observation and opinion. In sections of the country which were already dry by local or state action, and where local public sentiment is strongly set in favor of prohibition, we should expect to find no change. Yet it may be questioned whether the intervention of federal authorities in the enforcement of prohibition has not, in some cases, greatly diminished the efficiency of the state administration. Under the national administration the drug store, with the connivance of the physician, has been recognized as an alleviation of the rigors of the law, and this method of distribution has extended itself into communities from which the saloon had long been banished. In communities represented by the larger cities, where public sentiment was adverse to prohibition, the violation of the law is open. The recent announcement of the federal director in New York, gravely warning the bankers and baseball fans who resorted to that city that any whiskey which they might obtain on their visit was dangerous hootch was merely a jest, at which the visitors laughed as heartily as the residents.

In certain directions the control of the federal government has notably lapsed. The practice of smuggling, for example, had been for many years confined to the exploits of a few desperate characters working from remote harbors, and the peccadilloes of greedy tourists. Now smuggling is a wide flung enterprise along both coast lines and both boundaries, centring it would seem about the largest ports of entry, employing fleets of ocean going sail and steam craft, and squadrons of tugs, motor boats and capacious sea planes, involving in its operations the stewards of transoceanic liners. Again, the illegal distillation of whiskey had been reduced by the vigilance of the revenue officers to the proportions of a picturesque adventure, important chiefly as furnishing material and color for writers of fiction. Now the private manufacture of whiskey, beer, gin and wine has become a domestic habit like the putting up of preserves. It has passed utterly beyond any possibility of control,

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even by a process of espionage, search and seizure more drastic than was conceived by Mr. Palmer in the height of his wartime activities.

But, as we pointed out a few weeks ago, the most serious aspect of national prohibition is not the failure to enforce it. It is the fact that the interests opposed to its enforcement are so strong, politically and financially, that no government working through human instruments can escape becoming an accomplice in breaking the law. In the last number of the New Republic appeared a paragraph calling attention to the findings of the grand jury in the District of Columbia to the effect that a considerable amount of seized whiskey had been appropriated to the use of persons in the employ of the Department of Justice. It was stated that though the names of the participants were known there would be no prosecutions because the theft took place under a former administration. We have authority for the assertion that a number of the persons involved are still in the employ of the Department and that one of them was recently promoted with an increase of salary. The failure of the Department of Justice to prosecute large offenders under the Volstead Act has been made a subject of discussion in Congress, and is one of the grounds on which the impeachment of the Attorney General is properly urged.

The weakening effect of such malfeasance or nonfeasance on the general administration is obvious. Of what value in the enforcement of law are officials who are themselves guilty of conspiracy against the government? The corruption runs widely throughout the whole administration. To the opportunities of political patronage and favoritism, already abundant, has been added a whole region in which officials are subjected to pressure to relax the laws as a matter of friendship, political support or money. As Mr. Franklin suggests, the administration of the Volstead Act is different from that of law in general. In the former case the government forces operate as they might against a foreign enemy in trenches, with a strategy based upon the calculation of the chances of victory. They are content with attaining such limited objectives as occasional seizures—or the collection of incidental tribute. It is so because to a large portion of the citizenship of this country, including the most influential classes, the breaking of this law involves no moral turpitude whatever.

It is pointed out by one of our correspondents that the liquor interest has always exerted political influence, and has always evaded laws made for its restraint. True. So have other interests. But this breaking of the laws by special interests, however powerful, has nothing in common with the wholesale violation of a statute which is converting us into a nation of lawbreakers, and our executive and judicial departments into anarchists. Again, when the regulation of the manufacture and sale of liquor was a matter of local administration the breaking of such regulations was a local matter, involving at worst the connivance of local officials. At present the malfeasance of federal officials in New York may have disastrous results on the administration of law in San Francisco. The saloons of Chicago, as one of our correspondents notes, were for many years open on Sunday in spite of a state law requiring them to close. The evil was local, and the influence of it did not extend far beyond the borders of the city. No one will seriously contend that the scandal attaching to the mayor and police of Chicago during the days of their recalcitrancy was anything like so detrimental to the respect for law as that which makes its home in the official quarters of the Attorney General of the United States.

While undoubtedly the straightforward way out of the present situation is to repeal the Amendment, this process is so difficult as to be fairly beyond the range of possibility. A second plan is to modify the enforcing act so as to exempt light wines and real beer from its operation. No one doubts that this would be nullification of the Amendment by law. The third plan, and that which we favor, is to repeal the Volstead Act and, except in the matter of foreign and interstate commerce, leave the enforcement of the Amendment entirely to the states. As we pointed out some weeks ago, this procedure is not without precedent. The Fifteenth Amendment was designed to give the suffrage to the Negro. It is nullified in certain states, partly by laws disfranchizing the Negro on other grounds than race and partly by direct action. Thirty years ago the statesmanlike imagination of Henry Cabot Lodge perceived the necessity of a national enforcing act known as the Lodge Force Bill, which became one of the causes of the defeat of the Republican party in the election of 1888. The country decided that it was impracticable to enforce the Amendment at the cost of the military occupation of the South, especially since the effect of such action would be to defeat, so far as the Negro was concerned, the object aimed at in his enfranchisement. Similarly no portion of the Constitution is more categorical than the Bill of Rights, but here again it is recognized that in practice these provisons must depend for validity upon local sentiment.

Underlying these constitutional inconsistencies, however, is the fact that the people of the United

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States are beset by the childish dilemma expressed in the old saying about having one's cake and eating it too. We are in favor theoretically of free speech and universal suffrage. We recognize that the enforcement of them by national authority would absorb too large a place in the function of government, would necessitate the granting of special powers which would be dangerous, and would ultimately weaken the whole federal structure. In regard to prohibition, the attitude of the majority is not so clear, for, as Mr. Franklin points out, the Amendment specifies the manufacture and sale of liquor, not its purchase, possession and use, and it is certain that if such provisions had been included in the Amendment it would never have been passed. It may be questioned whether in these circumstances the Amendment can ever acquire the moral position necessary to its enforcement. How much of a moral sanction would be given to a law against larceny if it were no crime to receive stolen goods, and if a large portion of the men who enacted the law and administered it were themselves profiting by this omission? There is no national act of enforcement for the Bill of Rights, since the Espionage Law was repealed, and none for the Fifteenth Amendment. There should be none for the Eighteenth Amendment. The present law is a source of weakness and corruption which amount to a national scandal.

Help Europe! How?

We believe that the time has come for the government of our country to formulate the principles on which it will be able to cooperate with other nations in order to bring about the needed rehabilitation of European countries and the peace of the world.

THE American Bankers' Association adopted the foregoing resolution on the last day of its recent meeting in New York. President Harding told the reporters on the day following that he was willing and anxious to move in the direction of cooperation with Europe, provided a practicable plan were forthcoming. But he did not repeat his announcement of September 1st to the effect that the American government was preparing or had prepared a plan of this kind. Probably those members of the administration who are chiefly responsible for its foreign policy have not as yet succeeded in drawing up a plan which they consider to be "practicable," and, if they are doubtful and hesitating, their fellow countrymen should not blame them too quickly and with too much assurance. The framing by the administration of a method of extending American aid to Europe which would really work under existing conditions is at best an extremely difficult business.

Americans such, for instance, as the members of the National Council for the Reduction of Armaments, who wish the administration to summon an economic conference to meet in Washington soon after the election and to submit to such a conference "a concrete proposal" analogous to the proposal which it submitted to the Washington Conference of last year, do not realize what a large portion they are ordering. When Secretary Hughes submitted his plan for the reduction of capital ships to the Washington Conference he possessed one enormous advantage on which he cannot count in relation to any similar proposal with regard to Europe. In planning naval sacrifices by the American government which might be beneficial to the peace of the world, he was practically certain of the cooperation of Congress and the support of American public opinion. But in submitting proposals to a European economic conference which were intended to accomplish an analogous result, he would not be sure of corresponding cooperation and support. Any remedial plan which originated with the American government must, as part of the new deal, offer a partial or complete remission of the debt which the European governments owe to this country in exchange for some amelioration of the policies of the European nations towards one another. Yet if Mr. Hughes submitted such an offer to a conference and if it were accepted, it is extremely doubtful whether he could get Congress to back him up. He would invite the same treatment which the Senate handed to Mr. Wilson.

Nor is this the only or the gravest difficulty. Concrete proposals of cooperation between the United States and Europe imply the existence of a Europe with which to cooperate. No such Europe exists. Europe at the present time is a distracted and chaotic continent, whose constituent nations are to all appearances irreconcilably divided one from another and who sharply disagree one from another as to the kind of assistance which the American nation should furnish. It is not a question of cooperation with Europe. It is a question of cooperating with one of two factions in Europe —the faction which is headed by Great Britain and proposes in effect to tear up the Treaty of Versailles and the faction which is headed by France and intends to fight for its preservation. That these two factions are divided irreconcilably in their estimate of the facts of the European economic predicament and the way to deal with them is indicated by the speech which Sir Reginald McKenna recently delivered before the Bankers' Convention in New York. Sir Reginald's speech did not contain a word which could be remotely

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construed as intentionally unfriendly towards France; but it called attention to facts, which, if they are facts, would compel the United States to intervene in Europe either as a declared opponent of the existing French policy and an ally of England or not at all.

Sir Reginald's sketch of future probabilities with respect to the payment of debts and reparations was not merely gloomy; it was hopeless. According to his account Germany has at present no exportable surplus with which to pay reparations in cash. France might derive something like a billion dollars by obtaining possession of securities and assets which German citizens possess in foreign countries, but her ability to collect even this moderate sum will depend upon the creation of confidence in Germans that the Reich will hereafter be allowed some chance of security and growth. Neither did he hold out the expectation of any substantial future payments by Germany. If his calculations are sound, it is not only impossible to force Germany to pay the $32,000,000,000 demanded in the London ultimatum, it is impossible to collect from Germany the interest and amortization even on the $12,500,000,000 representing the A and B series of bonds, and undesirable to attempt to force her to do so. She can collect practically nothing, now or in the future, unless she will consent to a long moratorium accompanied by the assurance that even at its close Germany will not be required to do the impossible.

The speech of Sir Reginald McKenna, if its facts and inferences are true, means that the reparation clauses of the Treaty of Versailles demand of the German people mischievous impossibilities. Only the most drastic modifications will help: modifications involving a reduction of the total burden well below the $10,000,000,000 which has generally been regarded as just reparations. Moreover since it is unjust to penalize human beings for not performing impossibilities, the elaborate structure of sanctions which the French government has cherished and flourished as its means of coercion must also go overboard. English politicians and financiers have slowly and reluctantly reached this conclusion. But the French politicians and financiers are still divided from it by half the circumference of the earth. The difference between them and the English is incalculable and it is apparently irreconcilable. It is for the moment the dominant fact in European politics. It is the most important fact which any American government would have to face when it started to "formulate principles" for a renewed American intervention in Europe. The United States cannot cooperate in the "rehabilitation" of Europe without throwing the weight of its influence either in favor of France and the execution of the Treaty with drastic penalties for failure or in favor of Great Britain and of the scrapping and rewriting of that document.

Americans who seek immediate intervention in Europe visualize the rôle of their country as a mediator and healer whose good offices would restore and reunite Europe. This rôle can not be executed merely by moral suasion. America will have to make sacrifices, if her advice is to count. She will have to be prepared not only to cancel her claims upon Europe, but to exact in exchange conditions that would be accepted, if at all, with extremely bad grace by France at least. She would be accused by the partisans of France of playing Britain's game in seeking to force a settlement which would not only scale French pecuniary claims, but would relax French military power on the continent. Nothing less would do any good at all. Now, have we just ground for assuming that American diplomacy would play well so difficult a game as that, or that public opinion is prepared to force Congress to make the sacrifices involved in it?

These are the points that are crucial in the formulation of principles on which America will be able to cooperate "to bring about the rehabilitation of European countries and the peace of the world."

We are not supporting the view of those who would simply turn their backs on European distress. America must suffer if disaster overtakes the rest of the world. But America will do nothing for either herself or the world unless she is able to proceed on the lines of a definite policy based upon an appreciation of the realities instead of upon glib goodwill and pious resolutions.

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The Sad Photograph

JOHN GORDON is read by thousands. He has written long and short poems about the slums, the farm people, the working man and the sea. His work is vivid, rough and strong—perhaps a little rougher than strength really is—and full of that combination of the tender and manly that is one of the best traits of our English poetry. Gordon is regarded by some people as a revolutionary, by others as a realist, by others as degenerate, by others still as pessimistic; but all unite in regarding him as tragic. The number steadily increases of those who are familiar with his work and with his photograph.

This photograph, sometimes the frontispiece of a volume of Gordon's and sometimes furnished to reviewers everywhere by his publishers, shows a man of around forty. It is a three-quarters view of a gentle, clear-cut face with the skin drawn rather tightly over the well-shaped skull—a meagre look that suggests early dissipation—a thin, sensitive mouth and a good square chin. The eyes look slightly downward and out into space. They are set; their outline is plaintive. Their droop leads us to notice the hopeless look about the lips and the slight bend of the ascetic head. It is the picture of a very sad face; the aspect of it is absent, melancholy, habitually tragic.

It is this photograph that represents the side of Gordon that disturbs me. As a devoted friend of his I could wish that Gordon would let his work speak for him, and in his photograph would give to the public not this more or less acted version of himself but only whatever outer semblance the camera might secure. To be so reserved and withdrawn as he is with most people and then to broadcast this photographic outpouring of himself seems to me a doubtful business. But after all, if you like, this may be a good thing to do. It may be a legitimate arrangement to make in one's life. This selection and promotion of a single pattern, an essential expression as it were, for Gordon's face, may serve to convey to his public, as Nature unaided might never do, his melancholy vision of life. It has no doubt helped already to create a certain point of view from which his readers have learned to approach his poetry. I will grant that, though I must add that I regret to see a man whom I admire and whom I know to have a deep and beautiful and sincere response to life, allow himself even a chance of striking a pose. Great natures do not need that expedient.

But I am willing to pass all this over and to forget for the moment the sad photograph. What distresses me is that Gordon seems really to have settled into this rôle of sadness, into this profession of melancholy. And I regret this not only on Gordon's account but for so many realists who have done exactly the same thing. If I confronted Gordon with such a platitude as that one thing is not more real than another, that the camellia is as real as the ashbarrel, the smile as the tear, the ruby as the wound, he would of course grant that; and he might be for a time less ready with his talk about the real and realism. But half a minute later if I went on to speak of yet other realities than those he glowers on, to speak of dancing and laughter and fruit and flowers, Gordon would say, "Oh, those—" with a falling intonation in his voice, and in his eyes a mild, blank contemplation of my forehead. This would be equivalent to his saying that no doubt such things are very pretty. From which we may conclude ultimately that while our elation over a flower is only pleasant, our depression over an ashbarrel is terrible; our thoughts on Shelley's imagination are agreeable, on the world's neglect of him, agonizing. And the truth is that Gordon would talk about Shelley's tragedy with such tragic feeling and tragic charm that for the moment I too would think that men's neglect of Shelley meant more than Shelley's power through his imagination over men forever. I shall not say any of these things to Gordon.

But some day I shall try to make one point at least for him. I shall say that the world around us is—obviously—full of things that can leave in our minds some abstraction that will feed our living. The moon, for one example, the moon at night shining in the heavens—there can be in it a pause, a silver vista of possibility, a suspension, a silence, that may leave in the mind a kind of quietness and space, may leave a peace that is not theological, not optimistic, not necessarily comforting even, and that is not a conclusion of any kind; but is merely a proportionment, a release, a harmony, such as we might get from a pattern of lines and colors which mean nothing at all but that one quality which they express. In music there is pure flux and commerce, apply it to your beliefs or not, as you please. In the lines of a statue there is a quiet waiting, a rhythm of parts, the rebuke of time to the impatient moment. The lines of a temple carry on them the acceptance of and the creation out of physical law or necessity. A Greek vase may have pure roundness, points swimming at

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equal distances from a centre. An old Venetian velvet may be rich, grave, elaborate, austerely suave. And the stars at night have, at the very least, distances, fire, strangeness, innumerability. From all these instances the qualities—such as richness, austerity, proportion—that are perceived may be carried into one's own attributes and become character; into one's actions and become conduct; and into one's thinking and become ideas or concepts. And the slant for such experience may be tragic or not, as the case may be.

To this Gordon would say, "Slush!"—meaning that it was only emotion. But he could not down me with that. In the first place his tragic state is emotion quite as much as this. In the second place there is no more reason to doubt the value of emotional experience than of the so-called intellectual. In the third place this is not the point, as Gordon would know; and he would go on to say that I was another Pollyanna or some damned Cousin Marion Bright or Aunt Minerva. But I should not be talking at all about God's being in his heaven or even the snail on the thorn or the best of all possible worlds. I should only be saying what has been admitted for ages, that the completeness of our living is measured by the completeness of our response to all experience, with all the complexity, the proportion and the just values implied; and that therefore the perception of these qualities in things, in the moon, the temple, the flower, the action, is a form of exercise for us, and that all our parts—exactly as do the legs—become easier and healthier and more trustworthy by exercise.

Say, then, I do tell Gordon all this. I am not even saying that this is necessarily a beautiful world, but only that our exercise comes through responding to it. I am not asking Gordon to cheer up. I am only asking him—and realists like him—not to be so monotonous in his reactions, and not to decide on such hard limits to his experience, not to pore on the garbage and merely glance at the rose, not to admit the fact of the workingman's burden of injustice and deny the happy mathematics of his trained muscles; I am asking Gordon to think of the high destiny and triumph of a Greek column as well as of the degeneracy of a New England farm. I do not say in the least that such a change will make him any happier. I say that it will tend to make more reliable and significant his point of view, exactly in the same sense that—other things being equal of course—we rely more on the description of the man who has been all around the house than on that of one who has looked at the west wall only.

I hate, moreover, to see such a man as Gordon indulge in sadness or take it on as a career; for that might too easily become dangerous through being false, and stupid through being so set. Sadness in a trivial person becomes trivial; and even in an important person, if too kept up and too nursed and too isolated, sadness may become merely operatic, lyrical and more depressed than tragic. And after all, if one wishes to be really sad, the fact remains that all that is bearable in this rotten world decays, that the story of all beauty, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, ends in death and ruin; and that—sadder yet, if you like—one man cannot compete with universal woe.

But Gordon must, of course, work out his own way. If this dilation of his perceptions, this enlarged exercise of himself, this wider complexity in his response to the world about and within him, would throw him off and dilute the power that he has now with such concentrated if narrow intensity, it would indeed be a mishap for him to change. Better a small poet than an ample nobody in a lost track. And it goes without saying, of course, that if this would spoil Gordon's business for him, work havoc with his ego, his publishers and his readers, I am not asking him to heed me at all. But with the photograph already made now and broadcasted and ready to hand for emergencies, I should think Gordon might safely give more things a chance to encounter his reactions. He might forget his sadness of the moment for that more spacious and universal and eternal—though not necessarily less sad—response to the world around him and might leave this melancholy stir of his for that tragic poise too deep for tears and photographs.

STARK YOUNG.

The Widow

Grief hath now pacified her face;
Even hope might share so still a place;
Yet on the silence of her heart,
Haply, if a strange footfall start,
Or a chance word of ecstasy
Cry through dim-cloistered memory,
Into her eyes her soul will steal
To gaze into the irrevocable—
As if death had not power to keep
One who had loved her long asleep.

Now all things lovely she looks on
Seem lovely in oblivion;
And all things mute what soon shall be
Richer than any melody.
Her narrow hands, like birds that make
A nest for some old instinct's sake
Have hollowed a refuge for her face—
A narrow and a quiet place—
Where, far from the world's light, she may
See clearer what is passed away.

And only little children know
Through what dark gates her smile may go.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

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Caillaux

CAILLAUX is coming back, they say.

Over here, in Paris, there are Frenchmen who talk of killing him with their own hands rather than see him back on top again. And there are other Frenchmen who believe no one else can pull their country through the next ten years. Certain neutral observers with no personal interest in the scene talk about a Caillaux resurrection. So good a reporter as Mr. Herbert Swope, of the New York World, goes back from France to say: "This statement is made after careful inquiry, and will be greeted with derision. But the prophecy is ventured that within three years Caillaux will be either Prime Minister or controlling the appointment to that office." It is a startling prophecy. And the question it raises, the question of a radical shift of command in France, is right at the centre of Europe's tangled politics.

You remember Caillaux. He was the war's most famous traitor, or the war's most innocent sufferer—whichever you like to feel about him. Four times Minister of Finance of the French Republic, once Prime Minister, it was in 1914 that his name went round the world. He was Minister of Finance again, his fourth term. And the Parisian Journal Figaro suddenly began publishing letters signed "Ton Jo." Caillaux was this "Ton Jo." And the letters were his own letters to his wife—the wife, at that time, of another man. Figaro wanted to break Caillaux—and hinted it had more letters coming. Mme. Caillaux went to see its editor. To a French court, afterwards, she described what happened: "I saw that my husband intended killing Calmette [the editor of Figaro], and rather than that he should ruin his own career, I went and shot him myself. My own honor was at stake if he continued to publish my private letters."

That was "the Calmette affair," which stirred the whole world in the early months of 1914. Then came the war. And Caillaux leaped to the front again. His wife acquitted but his own career cut short, he might possibly have used the war as a stepping-stone to power. He refused. "Shorten the conflict!" became his battle-cry. He fought for a drawn war and a negotiated peace. His adversaries accused him of betraying the Republic. Clemenceau, coming into power in 1917, clapped him into prison. He was accused of having had intelligence with the enemy, of having tried to sell his country to the Germans—via Bolo Pasha. Nine months he spent in prison as a common criminal, waiting for his trial; twelve months as a political prisoner; twelve more in a prison hospital. Ultimately the French Senate acquitted him of high treason. But when the government brought forward a new charge, that Caillaux had endangered the military security of the state by certain conversations he had held, the Senate voted with the government. It sentenced this man to five years' banishment from certain cities (Paris, notably), and to ten years' loss of his political rights.

This is Caillaux. He was militantly pacifist throughout the war. He is militantly pacifist today. In his own words his program is "to curb the spirit of hate, to encourage mutual understanding among the peoples, and to maintain the body corporate of Europe." You can conceive the only France that would invite him back to power. It would have to be a France, of course, that believed him innocent of trafficking with German agents. But it would also have to be a France that recognized the unity of European economics, a France that sought from Germany a moderate and definite reparations bill, a France that foreswore adventuring in Russia, a France that had abandoned the great dream of a Continental Empire—alliances here, alliances there, alliances all over Europe. It would be a far cry, this Caillauxist France, from the picture a good many Americans have today. The French feel that America has misunderstood their position. Perhaps we have. In our impatience with the sabre-rattling of an out and out commissionaire of French coal-barons like Poincaré, we may underestimate the prospects of the Ludendorffs across the Rhine, who would rattle their own sabres if they had them. Still, it is obvious that French foreign policy today is largely a matter of good old Roman economics:

1. There are certain powerful financial groups in search of profits. Prominent among them are the Comité des Houillères (i. e., Coal Trust), the Comité des Forges (Iron Trust) and the Comité des Textiles (Cloth).

2. Poincaré has been the personal advocate of these groups for twenty years—and in his own mind has satisfactorily identified them with French patriotism.

3. Seven starved Parisian papers out of ten exist on the alms they receive, directly or indirectly, from these philanthropists—and couch their editorials accordingly.

4. For the Textile people the great immediate goal is a customs barrier along the Rhine, so as to make the left bank a good market for excess

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production now that France has Alsace; for the Coal and Iron people the chief worry is the Ruhr —since Ruhr coke is essential to French blast furnaces, on the one hand, and by the nature of things dominates prices of French coal, on the other.

5. Thus you get the persistent propaganda for a separate "Rhineland state"—and at the same time the passionate interest of the great industrialists for an occupation of the Ruhr.

Of all foreign issues in France at the present time, this last is the most vivant. At this moment, French liberals and socialists are especially alarmed. They couple this whole economic background with the Greek collapse in Asia Minor. If peace parleys fail and the Turks turn toward Constantinople, it will raise the hair on Britain's head. Someone must hold the Turks in check. Who will do it? France! But on what terms? "Who will say," asks the socialist journal Humanité, "that tomorrow Messrs. Lloyd George and Poincaré will not find a basis of agreement—and will not find it by means of sending a French contingent into the Near East, in return for liberty to occupy the Ruhr?" And l'Oeuvre (liberal rather than socialist) suggests that the widely advertised break between France and Britain will shortly be smoothed over—and that the basis of agreement will be the old French proverb, "Passe-moi la rhubarbe, je te passerai le séné." Hand me the Ruhr—you take Asia Minor.

Survey this scene, read Mr. Swope again and look around to see what evidence there is of France being capable of veering suddenly from the mailed fist of M. Poincaré into the half-open arms of M. Caillaux. There is not much, by way of concrete evidence, to gauge the present temper of this Third French Republic. We had some elections, not long ago. They seem scarcely to have been reported in America. They were not exciting. They did not jeopardize the fate of M. Poincaré, or rouse the hopes of M. Caillaux. They were local "cantonal" elections—having nothing to do with the government in Paris. They were somewhat significant, in the fact that the Bloc National found itself opposed for the first time by a more or less real coalition of the parties of the Left. But there was no great battle over these minor elections. And despite certain rather startling victories for the radicals, here and there, nothing much was shifted by this summer voting.

What else is there, if not elections, to indicate the present temper of the average Frenchman, and his thoughts about Caillaux? The press? Well, there are certain liberal papers—such as le Rappel, la Lanterne, Ere Nouvelle—that give Caillaux a muffled handclap whenever his name appears in the day's news. There are socialist papers that are friendly to him. And there are a good many provincial papers, great and small, that boom him strongly. They are more important, these provincial papers, than we realize in America—we who have the Matin and the Journal des Debats and the Echo de Paris and a few other old stand-bys quoted to us with our coffee every morning. They represent a France we seldom hear about—a more prosaic France than M. Poincaré's. Nevertheless, despite all this, the fact remains that in the French press—as in the French elections—there is little actual evidence of a shift in sentiment great enough to bring Joseph Caillaux into power. Caillaux may be coming. But those who have already lined the track for him—or who look for a renaissance of liberalism either with Caillaux or without him —apparently base their faith today either on intuition or on the mechanics of a peace-time situation.

Caillaux would have no trouble getting started. He has lost his political rights for a period of ten years. But half the French lawyers with whom I've talked believe that the High Court bungled in its wording of his sentence, and that though he will have to wait till 1930 to stand as a candidate for the French Chamber (unless his sentence is previously annulled), Caillaux could stand tomorrow as a candidate for the more important Senate. And I know from men who have talked with him that three Senatorial districts have already asked him to sail in. Caillaux would have little trouble putting his real strength to test. Why, then, doesn't he try taking the offensive?

I think because he asks himself what's the use of running squarely into two impossible situations. Nobody can collect German reparations. Nobody can pay French debts. French opinion clamors for the one, American opinion for the other. And any Cabinet which sits on top in Paris, so long as that holds true, either marks time and blusters—or marks time and takes the Ruhr. Caillaux might try his offensive. He prefers to wait. He prefers to wait, on the one hand, for an admission of the failure of an impossible economic thesis—on the other for a scaling-down of interallied debts.

That, in a word, is the political situation in France today. It may or may not be important that Joseph Caillaux wants to wait. But when Americans go wandering in search of "French liberalism" and come back miffed, it is worth remembering *why* Caillaux wants to wait. For so every other leader capable of organizing a liberal France waits—one eye on the peasant, the other on that two and a half billion dollars France owes our own United States.

Paris. CHARLES MERZ.

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The High Cost of Low Thinking

AN authoritative estimate has been made in behalf of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace that the cost of the Great War exceeded $335,000,000,000—an amount equal to the combined wealth of the United States, the United Kingdom and France in 1914 when the war began. This loss was caused by low thinking in high places. Perhaps the term "low thinking" requires a little definition.

The development of power in every line of human endeavor brings with it the possibility that the increased power may be used to promote the general welfare or may be used against the common good. Take, for instance, the growth of the steel industry. What I should call "fair" thinking in this connection would be intelligent mental effort to make obvious and immediate uses of the power developed in steel production to raise somewhat the average level of living conditions, to provide better railroads at lower cost, to furnish better transportation for more products and more people, to build better buildings to house more people more comfortably. What I should call "high" thinking would be imaginative effort to develop new uses of steel in improving other industrial processes, in building better cities, in adding to the general ease, comfort and efficiency of life, in expanding the steel industry itself into the production of still more useful and still cheaper products for general use. What I should call "low" thinking would be a mere greedy planning to increase beyond all reasonable and safe proportion the power of a few individuals to impose their will upon masses of other individuals and their power to gratify to an insane extent their individual and selfish emotions.

"Low" thinking would be evident in the effort to extract exceptional profits out of steel production, even at the cost of exceptional deficits in the lives of the steel workers or even at the cost of fomenting wars and creating war phobias that sap the happiness of nations.

There was low thinking in high places which brought about the Great War, because the "master men" of the industrial world had not developed their social ethics rapidly enough to meet their developments of power. Therefore new human power was wantonly wasted and recklessly abused. The German Kaiser and the General Staff were exceptionally power-mad, but every ruling group of Europe was afflicted in varying degrees with the same disease. Behind the political insanity, germinating and stimulating it, was the power madness of industrial leaders.

Science and invention in the last hundred years have increased enormously man's ability to help, or to exploit, his fellow men. Business enterprises have grown to such proportions that the policies of industrial controllers are now more important to greater masses of people than the policies of mediaeval rulers were to their subjects. Consider for a moment such a conflict of policy as occurred in the Ford Motor Company a few years ago. In 1903 this company started with an investment of $49,000 cash and $51,000 in property, of which $40,000 represented patent rights. By July 31, 1916, the company had distributed over $50,000,000 as profits to the men who had put in $100,000 and had a surplus of $111,960,907.53. The company had made 1,272,986 cars in thirteen years, with a total profit on operations of $173,895,416.06—all on an original investment of $100,000.

At this stage of the enterprise Mr. Ford took the position that the company had made too much money; that the benefits of this industrial system should be spread around; that the business should be expanded through additional investments out of surplus whereby cars could be manufactured still more cheaply so that more men could be employed at better wages and the price of the product to the public could be reduced. Particularly, he proposed to reduce the selling price of cars $80 per car, meaning the sacrifice of a prospective profit of $48,000,000 per year on an output of 600,000 cars. Mr. Ford's principal associates, the Dodge Brothers, opposed his policies and appealed to the courts to prevent him from carrying out his program, which *they* described as follows:

> The proposed scheme of expansion is not for the financial advantage of the corporation either mediate or immediate and is not to be prosecuted with that intent, but for the purpose of increasing the number of employees and of the cars produced, to the end of giving employment and low priced cars to a greater number of people.

The Supreme Court of Michigan decided the case according to what may be regarded as the prevailing theory of business. Presumably the court did not intend to express personal economic opinions, but merely to interpret the purposes of those who organize corporations, in order to enforce the stockholders' agreement upon which money is invested. The opinion of the court reads, in part, as follows:

> The difference between an incidental, humanitarian expenditure of corporate funds for the benefit of the

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> employees, like the building of a hospital for their use and the employment of agencies for the betterment of their condition, and a general purpose and plan to benefit mankind at the expense of others is obvious. . . . There should be no confusion (of which there is evidence) of the duties which Mr. Ford conceives that he and his stockholders owe to the general public and the duties which in law he and his co-directors owe to protesting minority stockholders. A business corporation is organized and carried on primarily for the benefit of the stockholders. The powers of the directors are to be employed for that end. The discretion of the directors is to be exercised in the choice of means to attain that end and does not extend to a change in the end itself, to the reduction of profits among stockholders in order to devote them to other purposes.

Thus the court established judicially a complete justification of what is sometimes denounced as profiteering. If a corporation by virtue of a shortage in the product which it manufactures is able to double its selling price and to force that portion of the public which is able to buy to pay twice the reasonable price of an article, the corporation has, according to this opinion, not only the right but the legal obligation to profiteer. It also appears that if the profits of an enterprise are so large that the directors feel that they can afford to increase wages above the prevailing rate at which men may be forced under economic necessity to accept employment, protesting minority stockholders can require the directors to continue to pay unjust wages. They can require that the benefits of the industrial enterprise, instead of being divided among all those who have contributed money or services, be appropriated so far as possible for the exclusive benefit of those who have contributed money. Yet the small amount of money contribution which is necessary to build up a great enterprise, compared to the contribution of human energy of the workers, from the president down to the office boy, was never more strikingly illustrated than in the case of the Ford Motor Company.

Applying this theory of business to other enterprises of vast size whose operations affect the welfare of millions, we shall find that the purpose of steel making, of meat packing, of coal mining, of oil production, of sugar growing—the purpose of producing and distributing the necessities of life—is to increase individual wealth and power. Behind this theory is the social ideal that life is a competitive struggle wherein each one uses the abilities and energies of other men so far as possible to increase his power and control over other men and to satisfy more and more his appetites and emotions, at the expense of diminished satisfaction of the appetites and emotions of others.

But this theory leaves quite unanswered the inquiry: For what purpose is an individual to increase his wealth and power and to satisfy increasingly his diminishing and ageing appetites and emotions? The only answer to this question which logically justifies the prevailing competitive ideal is given by those biologists and philosophers who believe in a wholly mechanistic, chemical conception of life; who accept the physical law of the degradation of energy as applying to human activity and therefore assume the eventual self-destruction of human life; who believe that man, inevitably and without free will, lives to gratify his physical emotions, that spiritual life is an illusion, that the immortality of the soul is a fable for children, that there is no justification for religious faith in that unknown high purpose of the world that men have called God.

Yet the majority of practical, materialistic leaders of great business enterprises and shapers of common thought will not carry their philosophy to this pessimistic end. That is one reason why most of us make any religion we profess a thing apart from our daily living, because none of the prevailing creeds can be applied to the lives we want to live without depriving us of the comfortable satisfaction of feeling that we are right when we do what we want to do.

Let us now relieve ourselves, however, of some personal responsibility for our low level of thought. The unprecedented progress in the material world during recent centuries has resulted from the development and application of a large number of laws through scientific research in physics, chemistry and biology. But in the social world no such laws have been developed and social changes are made emotionally rather than rationally.

In other words we have not developed a moral code consistent with the scientific development of modern life. And this scientific development has brought not merely a new social life but also a mass of undeniable facts that have swept away the assumptions upon which we have built our ethical, our social and our legal codes. Thinking men of today cannot accept the soundness of primitive ideas upon which existing moral codes have been based, any more than they can accept the accuracy of records of the origin and development of human life upon this planet which have been scientifically demonstrated to be untrue.

In the absence of the development of necessary social laws upon a scientific basis a sense of bewilderment grows. I received not long ago a letter from an eminent judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals which concluded with this inquiry:

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> Has not the development of the material resources of the world and the increasing education of the masses with its consequent spirit of agnosticism brought such complexity in the individual and national life that the world is beyond the control of its inhabitants?

This sense of lack of control must persist and increase until an adequate sense of social responsibility has been developed in those who dominate in the using of man-power and the shaping of commonplace ideas. But such a development requires either a new intellectual humility among the present social rulers or a shift in leadership.

The world has been listening far too long and with too much reverence to the immature, unscientific, demoralizing thinking that has been voiced by captains of industry and their satellite bankers, lawyers and politicians. Not only have they kept the air filled with outworn ideas but in many instances they have used their economic power to restrict the creation of free thought in the universities and to stifle its free expression through the press. One lasting benefit might come out of the Great War if it should bring some realization that men who devote their lives to the study of social forces, in history, economics, sociology or natural philosophy, are better fitted to guide human thought and to shape moral tendencies than men who devote their lives to making money and to acquiring industrial power so great as to overstrain human capacity. DONALD RICHBERG.

Protection Against Diphtheria

NO matter how much any child may like to go to school, not having to go is infinitely more desirable. There is little need for a Freud to analyze our dreams of the burning schoolhouse, the class teacher dropping dead of heart failure or the closing of school because of an epidemic. The latter perhaps is best, because it occurs most frequently and gives a maximum of pleasure with a minimum twinge of conscience. Diphtheria has long fulfilled this worthy function. Unhappily there is a darker reverse side to this picture. Twenty-five years ago, one hundred and fifty out of every hundred thousand of the population in New York City died of diphtheria, while today the deaths number twenty-one per hundred thousand. Despite this apparent improvement, control over the disease is far from complete, since 14,014 cases were reported last year to the Health Department of New York, of which 1,239 died. This mortality is particularly depressing since diphtheria is essentially a disease of childhood.

Heretofore the only available method for effectively combating diphtheria has been the injection of antitoxin. This has saved innumerable lives, for general statistical reviews have shown that the death rate of diphtheria has been reduced over fifty percent. But its obvious shortcomings are that it gives protection for only short periods of time and that many cases of diphtheria are not recognized until it is too late. The Schick test solves these difficulties. It determines whether any individual, child or adult, is susceptible or immune to diphtheria. The test is painless, simple and efficient. The procedure is as follows: A minute quantity of diphtheria toxin is injected under the skin of the forearm. If the individual is susceptible to diphtheria, a local irritation sets in which is evidenced by a small red mark. If, however, the individual is immune, no irritation is apparent and no reddening occurs. Since many individuals have either a natural or acquired immunity against diphtheria, this method affords an adequate means of differentiating those who are immune from those who are not. Following this test all who are susceptible (not immune) to diphtheria may be treated in such a way as to acquire protection or immunity against diphtheria. The Health Department of New York City, which has carried out this test extensively, has carefully standardized outfits for performing the Schick test, which have proved safe and satisfactory. Commercial laboratories also have placed on the market outfits for this purpose, so that the Schick test is available to every physician. In carrying out the test, it is of the utmost importance to "run a control" of heated toxin on the other arm so that any pseudo-reactions may be detected.

It has been found that babies under three months are practically immune to diphtheria, as are adults, 88 percent of whom are immune. The greatest susceptibility occurs between the ages of one and four years, when 60 percent are susceptible. The value of the Schick test in showing immunity in children over one and one-half to two years of age is that it indicates the development of a natural immunity which seems to be permanent. At the Willard Parker Hospital in New York City not one case of diphtheria has developed from over 2,200 scarlet fever patients who gave a negative or immune reaction, while many of those

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showing susceptibility contracted the disease. Schick not only devised the test for determining whether or not individuals were susceptible to diphtheria but also developed a method for conferring immunity. This is accomplished by several doses of minute quantities of diphtheria toxin neutralized with antitoxin. Subsequent Schick tests showed an immunity which persists.

For the production of antitoxin young horses four to six years old, known to be vigorous and healthy, are injected with very small doses of diphtheria toxin, followed by increasingly large doses at intervals of about a week for a period of from two to three months. The animal during this time forms "anti-bodies" capable of neutralizing the diphtheria toxin. The serum, a lighter colored fluid that separates from the clotted blood, is the antitoxin. This is purified and concentrated, so that small amounts of antitoxin may be injected into a patient suffering from diphtheria. This is a great advantage when large or frequent doses have to be given.

In order to cure a case of diphtheria in man, the horse serum containing diphtheria antitoxin is injected into the patient with a sterilized syringe. Occasionally the administration of antitoxin may be accompanied by temporary pain in the joints and by rashes. Such rashes are due to unknown substances in the horse serum which are present in larger amounts in some horses than in others. They may be present in the blood of a horse at one bleeding and absent at the next. As a rule, however, instances of untoward effects following antitoxin treatment are rare compared with the enormous number of antitoxin injections which have rendered individuals immune to diphtheria. The efficacy of antitoxin treatment is evidenced by the sudden reduction in death rate from diphtheria during the period in which this procedure has been employed as compared with the period prior to its use. Paris, Berlin and Vienna show striking decreases of more than 50 percent in the death rate from diphtheria as do New York, Boston, Chicago and other large American cities.

Hitherto the chief obstacle to the prevention of diphtheria has been the great number of healthy individuals who carry diphtheria bacilli in their throats long after they have ceased to have the disease, and who are capable of infecting others. The Health Department of New York City estimates more than 60,000 diphtheria "carriers" in that city alone. These may now be identified and made innocuous by means of the Schick test and treatment.

Doctors Park and Zingher of the Research Laboratories of the Health Department of New York City have demonstrated the reliability of the Schick method in preventing and controlling outbreaks of diphtheria in public institutions. They have succeeded in eradicating diphtheria from the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, the Colored Orphan Asylum, the Epileptic Village at Skillman, N. J., etc., which have suffered violent outbreaks of this disease in the past. In a report recently published from the Home for Hebrew Infants in New York City it was shown that of the 252 children shown to be susceptible by the Schick test all were immune after twenty-two months of proper treatment, making diphtheria no longer a menace. Such results have been confirmed in the public and private institutions of other cities in the United States, notably Chicago, as well as in Europe, including England, Germany and Austria.

Doctors Park and Zingher have now performed the Schick test on over 100,000 school children and have made a number of very valuable observations. They found that from 85 to 100 percent of non-immune children became immune to diphtheria after the first series of injections of a suitable combination of toxin and antitoxin. In order to obtain the best results, these injections should be made in three doses at intervals of one week. One extremely interesting feature of their reports is the contrast in susceptibility and immunity as occurring among the children of the well-to-do as compared with those of poorer parents. Children in the poorer sections of the city not only showed greater immunity to diphtheria but were also more easily immunized after treatment. There was a difference of as much as 50 percent between these two economic classes. The explanation of this probably lies in the fact that the children in the more crowded sections of the city are often exposed to mild doses of diphtheria organisms which bring about a natural immunity. Among the children of the more well-to-do this exposure is not present, and they therefore remain susceptible.

In order to bring about an immune child population it is necessary to begin early and to immunize all children from one to five years of age, since 85 percent of the cases of diphtheria occur in this group. The Schick test and treatment are being used systematically in our public schools and institutions. Obviously it is the duty of all parents both to their children and to society to cooperate to the fullest extent in the campaign against diphtheria which is being carried out by the Health Departments of New York and other cities. It is to be hoped that the time will soon come when diphtheria will have achieved only an historical interest.

NICHOLAS AND LILLIAN KOPELOFF.

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A COMMUNICATION

Conditions in Germany

[This letter was written to Mr. H. N. Brailsford by Mr. Einstein in response to a series of inquiries addressed to Mr. Einstein by Mr. Brailsford.—THE EDITORS.]

SIR: You have been so kind as to address one or two questions to me regarding economic conditions in Germany. You tell me that you want an objective statement about a state of affairs which ought, in the interests of a return to healthy political relations, to be known to the English public. I thank you for the confidence shown to me by your questions, and will endeavor to confine myself to what I can state with full conviction and certainty. I will proceed straightway to answer the questions one by one.

1. The salaries of scholars and teachers, expressed in kind, have been continuously reduced as a result of the situation created by the war and the Peace Treaty. At present they amount at best to twenty percent of their former value, in many cases to far less. This estimate is much too high for brain-workers without fixed appointments. Undernourishment is almost universal among brain-workers and students, and in addition books have become so dear that the intellectual life and development of the rising generation suffers seriously. The very existence of scientific and artistic activities, especially theatres and journals, is more and more endangered, and some have gone under. The struggle for existence among independent artists, musicians and writers is desperate. Such conditions, and especially the perpetual consciousness of the insecurity of the individual's material existence, inevitably result in a marked lowering of the estimation in which the public holds professional work and intellectual achievements. I am firmly convinced that, if the present material conditions continue or become worse, large sections of the so-called middle class which have hitherto been the principal source and preserver of our intellectual heritage will sink to the level of the submerged masses.

2. It is plain that in hard times that work will be relatively best paid which is essential to the carrying on of the economic activities of the moment; but that work which is directed only to the continuation and development of economic activities and even more to purely cultural purposes will suffer seriously under the prevailing conditions. Almost all intellectual work falls under the latter head. A colleague assured me on one occasion that scientific meetings are now held far less often than formerly because those who would attend them must avoid the expense of tram fares. The great majority of students are so far dependent on their earnings that study can only be a secondary occupation. As regards teachers, what I have already said about brain-workers in general applies to them.

3. I know that there are general complaints regarding the reduced productive power of manual and brain workers, but I do not think that I am competent to say how far this is the result of undernourishment or of fear of inability to obtain food, and how far of purely psychological factors. There can be no doubt that people's energy is sapped by the consciousness that under present conditions it is impossible to provide for the future, partly because of the instability of money values, partly because of the exceedingly heavy burden of taxation, which increases perpetually.

4. It is a fact that many of the political murders have been committed by people who have lost the means of support as a result of present conditions, but I should not venture to say whether unfavorable economic conditions are *alone* responsible for the lamentable deterioration of political morals. The political intolerance of the supporters of the old régime is doubtless partly due to tradition.

5. It must be admitted that the policy of the Allies has greatly augmented the difficulties of the Republican government; in particular it has undermined the prestige of the government by repeated humiliations in the face of the whole people. Moreover, everyone here knows that the financial obligations laid upon the country cannot be fulfilled at their present figure, even with the utmost exertion. All this has bred in us the conviction that there is no hope of working our way by legitimate means out of our present serfdom. This paralyzes economic activities and drives people to evade taxation and to try to remove their capital from the country.

6. Even if we admit that a stabilization of the mark might involve certain temporary difficulties, it can scarcely be doubted that we must try to attain stablization in any event and at the earliest possible moment. Without that it is impossible to reach stable economic conditions. The participation of German statesmen and experts in consultations upon international economic relations would certainly be desirable if not absolutely necessary.

7. It is only as a layman that I can answer your last question, and, further, with the utmost hesitation. I must admit with regret that I do not see how the hope of individual gain and the fear of want could be dispensed with as motives for productive work. In my opinion the community can mitigate the economic struggle of the individual, but cannot do away with it. A. EINSTEIN.

Berlin.

Finis

Well then, we've done with this and that and these:
  Gardens in summer and the little noise
Of wind at night-fall, laden apple-trees,
  Musical instruments and other toys.—

Let us depart. Make haste. We have no choice,
  Lest, lingering, even memory grow stale:—
No ghost is more implacable than Joy's,
  No tale more tedious than a twice-told tale.

Away then and away and look not back!—
  There is no happiness can outwit Time;
Soon will the first star dawn and the sun set.

Yet Ah!—before night closes on our track,
  To launch our youth upon the wings of rhyme
And save its fires from failure and regret!

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

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The Crow's Nest

"WHY is it," the old explorer was wondering, "that men care so for trifles? Even death and danger won't stop us, or make us less fussy. In a country where a man knows that he's likely to be killed any day, in the middle of his career, he ought to have a little sense of proportion. But life's not safe a minute in Kiboa, for instance, and have they any such sense? Not a bit. People there are exactly as finicky as everywhere else. They spend most of their time being preoccupied with meaningless nothings. I did more for those Kiboans than I have ever

done for any tribe since—I stamped out two fever epidemics and taught them how to build mill-wheels—and yet, at their great banquet to celebrate the lives I had saved, they were horrified because I used the wrong stick to eat with at table. There were two sticks, a prong and a flat one. I ate peas with the flat one. I should have used the prong. Well, that ended me. They still tried to be grateful, but it was painful to them—I had turned out low caste.

"In Borneo it was worse. I met some very sensible natives in Borneo—men corresponding to our judges and diplomats, who knew human nature. Their observations were as penetrating and pungent as those of the late Mayor Gaynor, and as philosophical as Balfour's; they were a wise and kind and jocular group. Yet they were great sticklers for etiquette in the minutest particulars.

"I attended a musicale in Long Pelaban one evening, for instance. Every woman had the teeth of her upper jaw filed nicely off, and the men had drilled holes in theirs and plugged them with yellow wire, the best to be had in Tandjong Selor. In short they were all very elegant. But when the music was over and refreshments were being handed around, they noticed that one of the younger women's teeth were intact. They were pretty, and she had refused to have them filed; or they'd only been filed off a little—not close to the gum as fashion demanded. Everyone was appalled. It was as though a society woman had gone to a dinner in New York with her hair down. The Borneans tried not to notice this rebellious girl's teeth; they chatted smoothly on, but she saw that they thought she was crazy. She slipped away as soon as a chance came, and went up the road, crying.

"I was fond of the Borneans. They bathe three times daily, and use lime-juice to weed out their parasites. I've never met any race more aristocratic and well-bred and cultivated. But heavens! So fussy! They're fussy for instance about having no hair on the body. They pull every blade of it out, or shave it constantly off. As to the hair of their eyebrows and eyelids, they remove them with tweezers. People careful about their appearance have their eyelids treated every few days. One afternoon a thoughtful young Bornean, whom I used to call Baron, passed by the home of a large native family with whom I was staying; and one of these Bornean belles turned to her sister, shrugging her shoulders, and said: 'I don't know what you see in him—didn't you notice some hairs on his eyelids?' The sister admitted Baron was a rough-neck but said he had brains. But the other said his habits were vulgar and she thought it unpardonable.

"Of course this was an infantile way of judging an able young man. But conventions like these are powerful everywhere. Would a man dare appear in the House of Commons with a three days' growth on his chin? The hairs might be very short and tiny, even smaller than Baron's; but everybody would call the man slovenly, no matter how able, and they'd feel that he was really an impossible choice as a leader.

"I dined once, in London, I remember, with some people of fashion. The women were decorated in that garish manner that delights all human beings but Eskimos. Though even some of the Eskimos, they tell me—however I won't stop for that. They—these London women—had their feet squeezed into knife-pointed contraptions, and their bodies were bound closely in silks, and they were painted and oiled. So far as elaborateness was a test, they surpassed the Kiboans. They were not up to the Borneans,

but nevertheless they were quite picturesque. After dinner while I was looking over some books in a corner, they sat around a fire discussing some of the men who had gone. 'He *will* wear that terrible waistcoat,' was their verdict on one of them—a man who is famous as a scientist all over Europe. Of another, an editor, they said, 'Did you notice his finger-nails?' It appeared that although neatly trimmed, they were not free from ink.

"Our finger-nails and toe-nails are an amusing survival of claws. They take the imagination back to wild, primitive times. And there those soft jeweled things sat, with their claws highly polished, feeling distinctly regretful because their learned friend didn't give more time to his.

"The editor had done more for literature than any man living. He was one of the best men on earth—and they talked of his nails.

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"If you fix your whole attention on a smudged nail, of course it's unpleasant. But of course it is the essence of vulgarity to care so for trifles.

"I looked at those women. Some had baggy folds under their eyes. Some had breaths that were not what a sensitive nose would call sweet. Not one of them washed her hair daily or had a scalp free from dust. Yet these dingy creatures, having powdered their arms and their backbones and concealed with long toil their defects, felt so exquisitely groomed that they sneered at the editor's fingernails and condemned him because of them.

" I suppose I'm as bad. I notice I look down on a poet when he rhymes 'sword' and 'broad'. It's a conspiracy we all belong to, to feel superior on the wrong grounds.

"Every group needs to have tests, of course. I've no quarrel with that. Wherever you go, the prominent people are busy setting up certain standards by which they can satisfy themselves whether others are right. But these standards are never based on fineness or brains or sincerity. Not one of those qualities is necessary, to be in the right set. They may be held desirable, sometimes, but they're not indispensable, like being shaved and manicured, and remembering not to use the wrong stick. For God's sake, don't eat peas with the flat one—*that* will create shudders everywhere.

"I shan't live much longer; but I wish I could find, before dying, some human aristocracy that never gave a thought to such details, some group with an intelligent method of judging each other. But that's not the way men are made. In fact, my friends think I'm wrong-headed to have such a hope. They rationalize their smallness, by saying that when a person is 'nice,' that person polishes his claws up, instinctively. He *wants* to, they tell me. They feel a deep, child-like respect for this impish old instinct. In Borneo, the nice girls 'instinctively want' to file off their teeth." CLARENCE DAY, JR.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Enforcement of Prohibition

SIR: In your editorial The Enforcement of Prohibition, in the New Republic of September 13th, you seem to regard as the most serious aspect of the case "the non-enforcement of the law regarding the manufacture and the sale of liquor." The New Republic and many other papers seem to forget that the liquor traffic has always been lawless and it seems to be the "nature of the beast." A few years ago Chicago had 7,151 saloons, each paying $1,000 yearly license. At the same time an investigation showed that there were some 2,500 disorderly houses, drug stores and other dives where liquors were sold without license. The Chief of Police with the approval of the Mayor notified 1,800 of these places that they must pay license. The licensed saloons were all lawless: they ignored the Sunday Closing Law, and the prohibition of the sale of liquor to drunkards and minors, and kept their back doors open on election day and holidays. In spite of much lawless liquor selling and other vice Chicago has really greatly improved since license days. At that period the "red light" district was wide open and prostitution was under police protection. In the days of license liquor men claimed that the annual liquor business of Chicago was over $150,000,000. Can any serious student of affairs fail to find very great advance as to the consumption of liquors, and crime and disorders from their use, over the license days? May we not expect progress in public sentiment demanding the enforcement of the law? DUNCAN C. MILNER.

Chicago.

SIR: Your magazine gives me news that I cannot get in the newspapers and I take it and enjoy it in many respects; but you strain the patience of one who has been acquainted with the social effects of the liquor traffic. I buried four people in one month in Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania, whose death was caused directly and indirectly by alcoholism. I go to see a chronic invalid whose long suffering was induced by alcoholism. I saw a man fall over this summer in Smithton, Pennsylvania, from drink purchased in a Brooks Law Saloon. He died afterwards.

You are right that there is no doubt about the value of the temperance reform. You say that the present form of prohibition corrupts the government—as though the licensed saloon had not corrupted the government ever since liquor was taxed and before. The Eighteenth Amendment everywhere outlaws the liquor traffic, puts it at a disadvantage, and where it has any friends—which is almost everywhere outside the big cities containing the big centres of corruption—it is doing a great deal of good. Even there it has great value.

If your magazine is a friend of the classes upon whom all sorts of moral corruption fall hardest and who cannot afford to conceal their nakedness as well as the wealthy corruptionists, you will support the enforcement of the Amendment rather than quibble about its value.

Bradford, Pennsylvania. PAUL G. MILLER.

SIR: I have read your editorial entitled The Enforcement of Prohibition. I wish to say that it is very well that you state in this article that "with the moral end sought in what is historically known as the Temperance movement the New Republic is in the fullest sympathy," for the rest of the article would indicate to the reader that the writer not only did not sympathize with this movement but was in fact one of its bitterest enemies. How one could be a sympathizer with this movement and then use the arguments and devices of the enemy against it, and at the same time advocate the weakening and division of the enforcement machinery, while arguing the non-enforcement of the law as a reason for its repeal, is beyond the comprehension of the ordinary reader.

Speaking of "persistent hypocrisy" the language of the last sentence of this article, can you find a more flagrant example? It seems that your remedy for the non-enforcement of the law is to destroy the enforcement machinery. Again, your statement that this law is not enforced is the veriest rot. Anyone can read between the lines that what you mean is that you don't want it enforced. I will venture to say, and I don't believe that you or any other wet advocate can successfully dispute the fact, that this law is as well or better enforced than many other laws on the statute books—laws, too, which you would yell your head off against having repealed. I know in Ohio the law is being very rigidly enforced, and about all the individuals that are now going to our jails, workhouses and penitentiaries are bootleggers. You seem to argue that because bootleggers are being arrested, therefore bootlegging is going on, therefore the law is not being obeyed and therefore the law should be repealed. This is nothing but the common ordinary lying argument and logic of the wets and their sympathizers. No, Mr. Editor, the United States government has not got to the point yet where wet anarchists can prevent it from enforcing the law.

But what the writer of this letter is more interested in than anything else is, how did this kind of an editorial get into the New Republic? Is it the duty of an advocate of democracy to advocate anarchism and to sympathize with the works of law-breakers and criminals? If it is, then the writer has a wrong conception of democracy and will have no more of it. Fortunately this is not the case and this editorial is as much out of place in the New Republic as it would be in a meeting of the W. C. T. U. As a friend of the New Republic I can only say let us have no more anarchism in the New Republic.

Wauseon, Ohio. G. B. HEISE.

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Books and Things

SOMEWHERE in Lecky, either in England in the Eighteenth Century or else in The History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe, there is a chapter by which, when I was a boy, I was accountably fascinated. It was called, I think, The Rise of Sea Bathing, and whenever I opened the brown volume and began to read the chapter over, I would repeat to myself, with a relish that did not grow old, "The Rise of Sea Bathing, by William Edward Hartpole Lecky."

No historian with four names could be frivolous. That was clear. Yet The Rise of Sea Bathing was as clearly a subject beneath the notice of such other historians as I was then acquainted with, authors of school books or makers of sentences like this, in which one's attention found nothing that it could clutch: "The alienation of the land revenues of the crown having been restrained by the 1st Anne, a doubt subsequently arose, whether the restrictions of that act extended to the private property of the sovereign, acquired by purchase, gift or devise, or by descent, from persons not being kings or queens of the realm."

Somewhere in a later historian I hope to find, if I live long enough, a Lecky-like chapter on The Rise of Pipe Smoking in the United States among the Well-to-Do and their Friends in the Early Years of the Twentieth Century.

The fact is patent that pipe-smoking has increased and is increasing in the class or classes referred to. Thirty years ago I had a penniless friend who emigrated to Chicago and began to accumulate the first of the two millions he still possesses. For a year or so he would make occasional visits to our smaller city, and on one of these he found me, in my office, in the act of loading a corn-cob with cut plug. "Not a pipe," he said with distaste, "it looks so cheap." In vain did I try to extenuate my cheap habit by pointing out that the cheapness was notable. In weight, I said, there is a great difference between one pipe and one cigar. Psychologically speaking, this difference is much less. Take perfectos as an example. If a thousand perfectos weigh about fifteen pounds, which is somewhere near the right figure, then you get between sixty and seventy smokes per pound of tobacco consumed in perfecto shape. My pipe, not the corn-cob but this briar, is what a dealer could call of normal size, and I keep the bowl pretty well scraped. Out of a pound of tobacco I get from a hundred and sixty to a hundred and ninety pipes, depending on the tobacco's cut and dryness. The most costly American tobacco, which I suppose is Spilman at $3.30 a pound, comes to something like two cents a smoke.

My friend was not to be persuaded, thirty years ago, that a habit which appears cheap should be acquitted if one can prove that its cheapness is also real. Last winter I saw him at a luncheon club smoking a briar, one of those modern briars whose "ringing lines and hard" are as beautiful as a sloop's. Whether pipes are nowadays things of a severer beauty than they need to be because the men who smoke pipes are more exacting, or whether aesthetically fastidious pipe-smokers are more numerous because pipes are better to look at, "though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture." But the fact that pipes are nowadays seen in high and higher places is incontestable. I can think of a club in which, within the memory of men of middle age, pipe-smoking was permitted in the pipe-room only, and in which it is now forbidden nowhere except in the dining-room.

It is pleasing to believe that the low cost of pipe-smoking accounts for its diffusion among well-to-do Americans, yet I fear this belief has its roots in failure to envisage all the relevant facts. One might even maintain that pipe smoking increases among conspicuous wasters because the reproach of cheapness is passing away. Thirty years ago four dollars was about as much as you could pay for a briar, even if you went in for those amber mouthpieces which even at that period were beginning to signify that the man who sported one was a showy outcast. Today, unless you are indifferent to curves and grain, it is not easy to buy a good plain briar, one that will last seven or eight years, for less than six dollars. Straight grains, lovelier and in my experience less durable, come higher. Twenty dollars was the price of the most exquisite straight grain I have seen, but I've heard of a shop where more than twenty is asked.

Once a man has laid in a supply of pipes it is not easy, I must admit, for him to proceed with any grandeur. Spilman, in a world of rising prices, still sells for $3.30 a pound; I can't think off-hand of an American tobacco which costs more; two cents a pipeful is nothing for any conspicuous waster to rejoice at. He can pay more, to be sure, by choosing a tobacco which has voyaged from Virginia to Great Britain, there to be blent with a Loadicean or other tobacco upon which, with shining eyes, the Syrian stars look down, and then enriched again at one of our custom-houses. Yet no matter how nicely he chooses he cannot bring the price of a pipe within measurable distance of any cigar he would condescend to smoke, except out-of-doors, perhaps, in a high wind. Not that I wish to accuse smokers of imported mixtures with either affectation or a genuine taste for display. Until quite lately it was in Great Britain, and not in this country, that the attempt was made to suit the widest variety of exigent individualists.

Among married men the spread of pipe-smoking is due, no doubt, partly to their conviction that pipes are more baffling than cigars to a wife who thinks you are smoking too much. Cigars may be counted, throughout the longest evening, by a woman whose vigilance has been trained, but with two pipes almost exactly alike in his pocket, and a little dexterity, a man who is smoking much may easily pass for a man who is smoking slow. Many wives, moreover, are still of the opinion that pipes are more wholesome than cigars. Nothing shall tempt me to disabuse them of this error, for such I take it to be. "Speaking of digestion only," I heard a physician say a few years ago, "cigarettes are tobacco in its least injurious form. Next come cigars of small diameter, like panetelas. If you want tobacco to do its worst to your digestive system, stick to a pipe."

When my doctor said this I was unable to retort by quoting, for I did not then know, another expert's opinion, richer in light and shade. "Those who wish to study or must consider their physical well-being," says Mr. Alfred Dunhill of London, "should remember that strong Latakia touches the nerves, Perique the heart, and Cavendish the digestive organs. Also that the common coarse Virginias used in many mixtures tend to cloud the brain and induce dizziness." If wives could be compelled to specify the kind of harm done by tobacco, men armed with Mr. Dunhill's authority might cease to fear them. All of which I shall go into more fully, one of these days, when I write that chapter on The Rise of Pipe Smoking in the United States, etc.

P. L.

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Have We Progressed?

Industry and Human Welfare, by William L. Chenery. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

IT is of industry *and* human welfare that Mr. Chenery writes, not industry *or* human welfare. Wisely, no doubt, for the latter states an academic question. Industry is here, ineradicably, and America now is but a foreshadowing of the future not only of Europe but of Asia and Africa—large-scale production, standardization, regimenting of ideas, Rotary and all. No one who has sensed the drive of forces in the mechanically undeveloped lands like China and India and Egypt has any belief in the practical use of debating whether the factory system is better adapted to human instincts than handicraft production. Steel has won. Japan has succumbed, Russia has succumbed, China is in process of succumbing and in India Gandhi is making the romantic last stand in a lost cause. Yet while Gandhi's memory is still green, the steel worker on the Ganges' banks and the Himalayan foothills will sit him down of evenings, fix a little disk to his ear and listen rapt while Senator Niu Singh sends his voice from Delhi, mingling with the music of the spheres, to view with alarm.

Wisely, then, Mr. Chenery accepts the industrial system as a settled fact and measures its effects on the lives of men. In a slim volume of 166 pages that is a fine achievement in compression and suggestion he surveys the changes wrought in a century and a quarter. Much of the illusion of the good old times when the Adams delved and the Eves span he strips; life was no bed of roses for the poor of the eighteenth century either. But he is equally without illusions as to the glamour of the mill of ten thousand workers where a lump of metal enters at one end and emerges at the other a motor car or a mechanical boxer. He does not babble of Progress.

The planlessness and empiricism that have marked American history in its every aspect are conspicuous in its economic and industrial development. By quotations from writings in the first years of the republic Mr. Chenery shows how little the portent of the factory was understood, even by one so penetrating as Alexander Hamilton. The machine was looked upon as an instrument of quicker and larger production only, and even as a labor-saving device that would benefit the worker. That there were social implications none dreamed. The real history of the United States is the story of the dawning recognition of these implications and the struggle to meet them satisfactorily. This is the story that Mr. Chenery tells in its larger outlines. With swiftness and dexterity he touches in the picture of the social conditions that the coming of the industrial revolution found. Men worked from sun to sun, and their women and children with them, for woman and child labor was not started by the factory. Except in the small leisured and propertied class housing was primitive, illiteracy or scarcely better was almost universal, the margin of leisure was perilously thin. In short, life for the masses was substantially as it is today in China or India.

Between that life and the life even of the poorer classes in America today there is a whole span in material civilization. Except in a few slave-driven industries like steel, ten hours is a fair working day. In food, clothing, living conditions generally, there is a standard of comfort beyond all but the rich of the eighteenth century. Actual illiteracy is the rare exception among whites in all but isolated spots. There is a margin of leisure, with libraries, moving pictures, lectures and other easily accessible entertainment for its employment; even the slum dweller has his social settlement. Measured in things, the lot of the American today is incomparably richer than it was a hundred and fifty years ago.

Yet from my own observation I have come to believe that in the life of the Chinese peasant or artisan, say, there is a greater content of happiness than in that of the modern American workingman. The Chinese works longer hours, yes; but he works at his own speed, undriven by an impersonal thing of iron over which he has no control. He stops when he likes for a puff at his tiny pipe or a cup of tea or a chat with a fellow-workman or his children. If you go by his shop at sunrise—his shop being also his factory and his home—you find him already at work; you find him still at work at nine or ten at night. Yet I believe that a fourteen- or even fifteen-hour day takes less tax of his strength, does less violence to nature's laws, than eight hours in a Ford plant. His work is back-breaking, sometimes of a seemingly incredible cruelty. Yet I believe it is less exhausting and stunts fewer instincts than eight hours of physical ease at turning a screw on a bit of steel whirring by on a belt. If he is a potmaker he makes that pot himself, or at least with a minimum of division of labor between himself and his family and perhaps an apprentice or two. He has the satisfaction of creating something himself; in it he has put at least a little of his personality.

The living conditions of that same Chinese workman are by our standards inhuman, not only because the rewards of his labor are so low but because a non-mechanical society must be without the advantages of applied science: better sanitation, better buildings, sewers, cleaner streets. The standards of comfort must necessarily be lower in a non-industrial society. But in compensation there is not the dehumanization in work and economic relations that there is an industrial society. There is also, as Mr. Chenery points out, a greater sense of security. "Unemployment and fear of unemployment are twin evils created by the factory system." The minute division of labor and the high specialization necessary leave the factory workman only one narrowly limited kind of skill by which to earn his living, and the control of tools of production by large centralizations of capital leaves him without opportunity to use that skill except by others' volition.

One or two broad conclusions seem inescapable. The monotony and fatigue of factory work make it impossible for men any longer to find their happiness in their work. They must find it outside their work. There must be therefore shorter hours and greater leisure and a much higher wage standard. That is only another way of saying that if the immensely greater wealth-producing capacity of the factory system is to benefit more than a narrowly limited class there must be an entirely new basis for the distribution of wealth. The world as a whole is vastly richer, in more than the material sense, by reason of the industrial revolution. The increase in wealth produced has liberated untold energies and widened the scope of their play. There has been in consequence a considerable social elevation—in a wider representation in government, in education, in closer intercommunication of peoples and ideas, in the progressive conquest of disease. But in fundamentals the majority of men are little better off than they were with a much smaller production of wealth—certainly not proportionately better off. The disparity between the classes is greater than it was a hundred and fifty years ago. That is the greatest indictment that can be made against the industrial system.

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

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A Page of Fiction

Daughters of Hecuba, by Clara Viebig, translated by Anna Barwell. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

THE Trojan Women of Germany—women of all classes, the General's wife, Frau von Voigt; her daughter Lily, married to an Italian lieutenant; Frau Bertholdi, with her two sons at the front; Frau Kruger, whose son, long missing, she fondly hopes is a prisoner of war; Gertrude Hieselhahn, the mother of Gustav Kruger's child; Frau Dombrovski whose flesh is too weak to bear the long absence of her man; Margaret Dietrich, crazed by waiting for a mythical lover. They are an agonized choir as they drift and suffer through the winter of 1915, and the summer and the winter again, and again the summer and winter, with food less and less for the children, and hope fading in spite of victory. With unconscious irony the book ends with the offer of peace by the Central powers in 1917. Two years more were theirs of the accumulating misery of war, and in addition the meaningless horror of blockade and famine. We can ask nothing more of American women whose hearts are still filled with hate than to read this book.

Millions, by Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

IN Millions Mr. Poole has worked within a limited scheme of time and place. The stage is set in the apartment of Gordon Cable (where his relatives have gathered, during his days of unconsciousness after an accident), and in the mind of his sister Madge, who is his heir. The inner drama gives to the outer the intensity and meaning of a moral problem; but it is as an aesthetic problem skilfully handled that the book most challenges criticism. In construction the piece is as exact as Swinnerton's Nocturne, though the touch is not quite so deft nor is the movement so certain. Mr. Poole has done nothing better—and nothing that promises better.

The Cortlandts of Washington Square, by Janet A. Fairbanks. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.00.

A NOVEL unusually rich in fictional values. The Civil War furnishes most of them. Ann Byrne was active among the outskirts of that struggle, at Washington, at Gettysburg and in the draft riots of New York. She was unusually fortunate in her relations with celebrities, William Cullen Bryant, The Prince of Wales, Whitman—of course, Lincoln. Her story carries her from the stagnant pool of aristocratic old New York into the fresh vigorous current of young Chicago. We await with interest the sequel. Meanwhile the movie rights should run into money.

The Unlit Lamp, by Elizabeth Sanxay Holding. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.00.

BY contrast with The Cortlandts, The Unlit Lamp is almost parsimonious. Again and again the characters are brought into a situation charged with dramatic possibilities, but the author passes over their grand scene and resumes patiently her study of their relations, their "interactions." Claudine Vincelle moves from girlhood through marriage and motherhood, like charity which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. She remains at the close of the story, like Galsworthy's Mrs. Pendyce in The Country House, going quietly about her garden, unconscious of the lesson which life has taught her, that in quietness is her strength. She is surprised at her own justification when her son-in-law, a human dynamo, gives his verdict: "You've just existed in a very sweet, gentle way. I think that's a might fine thing. I don't believe there are many people who have done so little harm."

Doubting Castle, by Elinor Chipp. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00.

THIS book also, according to the official critic, should remind us of Galsworthy, and it does—the Galsworthy who tests human character by passion and human society by scandal. The Baldwins are like the Forsytes, a robust and self-sufficient clan; Richard Baldwin is their finest product—generous, loving, compassionate. Gloria is the victim of his high qualities and her love of him. If the story is reminiscent it is not imitative; and it has a quality of its own in its portrayal of simple, tragic girlhood which manhood destroys, not cruelly nor basely, not wantonly—but in blindness, in helplessness.

A Man of Purpose, by Donald Richberg. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company. $1.75.

THIS novel follows the disarming device of Sartor Resartus and The Research Magnificent by which the author as editor presents his hero in autobiographical fragments. It is an example of the higher realism so eloquently urged by Stevenson. "We do not live by bread alone but by some cherished and fantastic pleasure," he tells us; and reminds us further of those men "who are meat salesmen to the external eye, and possibly to themselves are Shakespeares, Napoleons or Beethovens." Of such is Rodney Merrill. His loves, his dangers, his sins, his achievements, become interesting and significant in his account of them. We dare not conjecture what he would appear to the jaundiced eyes of Ben Hecht or Sinclair Lewis; but in his own he is simplified into a symbol—A Man of Purpose.

I Walked in Arden, by Jack Clifford. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A LOVE story, plain, unvarnished and approximately sincere. Unfortunately the reader does not understand the tone of vivacious extravagance and garrulous gaiety in which it is told until at the close it is learned that the narrator is telling the story of his beautiful and tragic love to his little daughter. There is, for example, the father's liability to nausea, which seems to the innocent reader unduly insisted on, until it reveals itself as presumably a domestic joke which he and the little one may often have enjoyed together. There are other passages which seem suspicious, but which ring equally true when we know in what key the sonata is written.

Gargoyles, by Ben Hecht. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00.

A "DEVASTATING" novel! Who is devastated? Chiefly that oft devastated region of the public which enjoys the process. Gargoyles is a picture of American life in the same vein as Babbitt, but without the latter's unity of tone and method. If Sinclair Lewis has an animus he states it through his characters; Mr. Hecht carries on his quarrel in his own person with much vociferation. His hero reveals a perfectly possible experience in detail, but altogether he does not stand up. The title is a misnomer. Gargoyles are grotesque but they have a meaning. And they are of stone, not of putty.

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The Book of Life

The Book of Life, by Upton Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

IT would be easy to sneer at Mr. Upton Sinclair's Religio Laici and in the pride of the specialist to question his knowledge of so many diverse subjects from religion to psycho-analysis, from vegetarianism to sex, and to ridicule his conclusions in The Book of Life as the personal farrago of a crank. In this spirit the orthodox sneer at Wells's Outline of History because it neglects their well known paths, because it passes over cursorily or contemptuously those special tracts of human history with which they happen to be familiar. Nevertheless, in spite of the scorn of the lesser erudite, the Outline has had a deserved popular success in putting before the inexpert reader a comprehensible summary of the multifarious facts of man's adventure upon this planet, and doubtless will continue to serve this purpose long after its critics have mouldered into oblivion with their special knowledges and contentious ignorances.

Both books are in a way the product of like impulses, rising from the democratic necessities of the day—and from the experience of the great war. They are characteristic outcroppings of the present. With the old religious formulas either obliterated or so weakened in their authority for many millions as to be practically negligible, with the increasing saturation of the scientific method in thought —and with the complete disappointment of mankind in the outcome of the war to end war—there has come to the common man a mood of inquiry, a mood of questioning, which Mr. Sinclair phrases in his preface: "What a strange thing this life is. What am I anyhow? Where did I come from, and what is going to become of me? What do I mean, what am I here for?" Millions of men and women today are asking those questions where hitherto a few score pondered the ancient riddle of existence. Mr. Sinclair undertakes to give a simple working answer drawn frankly from his personal experiences in the struggle. It is just because he passionately believes that "it does make a difference what you believe about life, how it comes to be, where it is going and what your place in it is," that his personal answers make such an interesting and valuable book.

It is of course an intensely personal record. Mr. Sinclair could write no other, for in spite of his avowed creed of socialism he is one of the most individualistic writers of the day. It is the book of a militant soul, of the Artist and the Reformer, inextricably confused, and his enemies might say of the inveterate self-advertiser, a quality perhaps inseparable from the others. It is just this quality of mingled artist and reformer that, to my thinking, gives his book value. The methodical and the orthodox will say that God should be left to the theologians, the body to the regular practitioners, the economic world to the professors, etc., because they alone can make pretense to exact thinking about them. Let the artist and the passionate fighter for human freedom express his uncertain knowledge of life in the form of fiction. Well, Mr. Sinclair has done that too, and I hope will try it again! But when one has a personal message to deliver about all life, or is moved to sum the substance of his experience, the fictional disguise merely blurs the impression. Mr. Sinclair has done wisely not to make a parable out of his earthly pilgrimage.

"For my part I have never been a great hand for doctrine, whether ancient or modern," Mr. Sinclair writes in opening his discussion of the class struggle. "I am not much more concerned with what Marx taught than I am with what St. Paul taught or what Martin Luther taught. My advice is to look at life with your own eyes, and to state in simple language the conclusions of your own thinking." Which is quite remarkably what Mr. Sinclair has managed to do. It follows obviously that the parts of his Book of Life which are concerned more especially with theory—the first and the last parts—are the least vital, the least individual. It is where Mr. Sinclair details his struggle with his stomach and generalizes from his experience and observation upon monogamy and education that his conclusions are happiest and most vividly expressed. His Book of Love is an admirable statement of what the informed, imaginative modern man has come to recognize as truth about this disturbing element of his existence. I know of no discussion of the sexual life where the balance between feeling and reason is better kept—and where the discussion is less tainted either with sentimentality or grossness—than in these chapters on the much lied about relationship of man and woman. They alone should make the Book of Life useful for the young, to whom it is unconsciously addressed, and once opened it will reveal much else of real significance not only to the young about to adventure, but to those already in midstream—for all who "like to look at life with their own eyes." No sincere person's honest record of experience is without value to another, and here we have the fruit of honesty, sincerity, and imagination and of homely wisdom. Yes! of wisdom, too. Mr. Upton Sinclair has learned much of life from blunt contacts with it since the days of The Jungle.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Two Views of Statecraft

The Truisms of Statecraft, by Bruce Smith, K. C. New York: Longman's Green. $2.60.

The Modern Idea of the State, by H. Krabbe. New York: Appleton's. $4.00.

IF there is a more useless volume on political science than that of Mr. Bruce Smith, I have yet to meet it. It dates, a little pathetically, from the era of Herbert Spencer. It abounds in pious sententiousness. It is full of sound moral advice, without a single gleam of how the institutions are to be had which might make that advice effective. It has no glimpse even of the factors from which the economic synthesis is derived. Nearly forty years ago Mr. Bruce Smith wrote a volume which brought deep comfort to Henry Sidgwick. The time that has elapsed since, he has used only to reinforce conclusions already out of date when they were written.

Professor Krabbe's volume is a very different affair. Admirably translated by Professors Sabine and Shephard, of the University of Missouri, it represents a distinctive and important strand of modern political opinion. Broadly speaking, its main thesis is that the modern state is born of, and dependent upon, law. It rejects the view that the state is simply a sovereign authority issuing orders that are law because the state has willed them. Law is regarded as one aspect of right, and right is that common judgment of the social interests which pervades the community at some given time. This view is coming more and more to take the place of the older conception of law

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as a command. There is, of course, an imperative character attached to it; but the imperative character derives its real substance not from the fact of will, but from the substance of the thing willed. The value of this outlook becomes the more clear the more carefully it is scrutinized. It prevents us from attaching any special significance to the acts of any definite body of men. The criterion of right is the judgment of the whole society, not the will of its rulers. The power of the state is admitted; but its supremacy is made to depend upon moral force, and not merely upon the possession of a certain lump of power.

At bottom, it is an individualistic theory, for it makes the judgment of each citizen a vital aspect of the political process. If it be argued that the result is contingent anarchy, the answer is, I think, that contingent anarchy is the penumbra of every state, and that conversely to beatify order as the fundamental need is to miss the value of resistance to wrong in the history of the world. It is, of course, true that the ultimate substance of right appears here a subjective thing. But that has been true universally in the history of states. It is no bad thing to get the pragmatic character of all political speculation admitted without further waste of time. The more quickly we move from such abstract ground to discussing such problems, for instance, as the representation of will, the more likely is the understanding of our problems to be advanced.

I should like to draw attention to the clear and useful introduction the translators have prefixed to Professor Krabbe's work. Broadly, it constitutes an excellent summary of the main currents of opinion in modern politics. It makes, I think, a shade too much of the influence of Bodin, and Rousseau needs a somewhat larger place. But the preface is a model of concise statement, and it deserves to be widely read for its own great merit.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

A History of Philosophy

English and American Philosophy Since 1800: A Critical Survey, by A. K. Rogers. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

IT was a German philosopher, Hegel, who achieved the remarkable feat of eliminating individual men from human history, and more specifically from the history of man's achievement in philosophy as well as in art and religion. This amazing feat has exercised a dazzling fascination on mankind. Scholars from Zeller to Windelband have been so captivated by it that even now, when the Hegelian philosophy is in bad repute, it would generally be regarded as most naïve or antiquated to view the history of philosophy as but the record of what individual men have thought.

Professor Rogers, however, who has already tried his hand at the conventional history of philosophy on two previous occasions, now makes a most charming and praiseworthy effort to deal with a large number of individual thinkers. To be sure, every one is put in some school or other—an independent philosopher would be, like a stray dog, unworthy of notice—and the traditional schematism as to the relation of the different schools to each other is not altogether abandoned. But what gives unity to this book is not an Hegelian transforming of history into a logical scheme, but the fact that back of the analysis and criticism of the nearly one hundred philosophers discussed, is the point of view of Professor Rogers himself. The latter quite frankly and honestly admits that his primary purpose is not so much to trace the historical affiliations and causes of the different doctrines examined, but rather to make propaganda for his own philosophic attitude. Of course, this often results, despite the author's scholarly equipment, in scant justice to the philosophers thus treated not on their own account but as offering morals for Professor Rogers's mill. But the disadvantage of this is frequently overcome by the fact that the philosophers here dealt with are nearer us in time and more accessible or generally known than those treated in most histories of philosophy, so that the educated reader is in a better position to check up the author's judgments.

The conception of philosophy which Professor Rogers himself holds is rather traditional and very limited in scope—being restricted to certain metaphysical issues of a religious interest and to their rational-psychologic bases. The great issues of the methods of science and of social life are passed over. But it is not necessary to accept this conception of philosophy to find his analysis stimulating even in the case of philosophers like Bentham and Santayana, for whom he lacks sufficient intellectual sympathy. Sometimes, too, the sober and subdued style of this history is relieved by remarks such as "The powerful and florid personality of Burke . . . was uttering noble truisms to prove that liberty is an overrated blessing and that reforms are only justified when they involve no element of risk to men of property and breeding."

MORRIS R. COHEN.

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